Memoir

A low-effort SFW stormshipping zine

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Foreword

- harinezumiko

When I first started watching GX, wanting to be prepared for the local cinema release of Bonds Beyond Time, Chazz's relationship with Atticus was one of the joys I latched on to.

They were cute together, with their first significant screen time as a pair involving talk of love on the beach as the sun set. They understood each other, encouraged each other (if sometimes to the embarrassment of those around them), set each other straight if the situation called for it. They could be themselves around each other in a way that seemed harder with others. A nickname was involved. The fanfic potential ran the gamut from comedy through fluff to full-blown angst.

I fell hard. I wrote fic before I'd even finished watching the show. I searched for other shippers, but it seemed we'd always pass in the night – I'd find a LiveJournal post with someone requesting content for the pair, but the user was no longer active. I'd find fics by a brilliant author, who had since moved on to a different preferred ship. Or I'd find an artist and commission them feverishly until they changed fandoms.

It felt like the ship wasn't rare, shouldn't be rare – but for some reason, only one or two people seemed active in it at a time. I started @stormshipping on tumblr not only to share and archive materials, but to connect stormshippers to each other.

This zine was born of that same desire.

There are more of us than are easily visible. Some may lead busy lives; others don't count stormshipping as their OTP, but still enjoy it; others prefer to keep particular company. There will be familiar names that are missing from this zine, and doubtless others who might wish to have participated had my limited reach gone just a little further.

I chose to add some activities to the zine, so that all who wish can still participate, now or in the future. The AO3 collection (link on the back cover) will remain open and I encourage you to expand it. You're not alone.

Here's to community.

late nights (and a cool breeze)

- fic by ragnafinity

Perhaps, if he were to do the necessary self-reflection, Fubuki would realise just how... apparent his behaviour patterns are becoming. Still, it's not like he was making a conscious decision to ignore the glaringly obvious reason that, during a long night unable to sleep, he decided to sneak out of his own dorm room to find a little solace resting on the cliff's edge outside the Osiris dorm.

He's not like Asuka - he's not trying to run from cupid's arrow, he's just...

He plucks a little wildflower from the ground and twists it into a ring shape between his fingers.

"Master?"

He gives Manjoume an easy smile over his shoulder, leaning back to lay in the grass as his loyal pupil takes a seat, knees drawn tightly to his chest with his arms wrapped around. Manjoume rests his cheek against his kneecaps and sighs.

"Couldn't sleep either?"

Manjoume swats once at the air, firmly, like he's trying to bat a mosquito mid-flight. "Just... needed some time alone." He stares down at Fubuki and freezes up for a second. Then, with all the stunted inelegance of a newborn foal, unfurls his limbs to lay down next to him.

Manjoume picks at the grass in the space between them. "I feel like-" He jerks as if spooked, then shoots a venomous glare at something past Fubuki's shoulder. "It's stupid but, I feel like you're the only one here who takes me seriously." His bottom lip disappears briefly between his teeth. "I just wanted to say thank you, I guess."

"Manjoume." Fubuki clasps his hands in between his own before he has the chance to second-guess himself. "You are one of the most talented, hardworking duelists I have ever met. You are simply overflowing with affection that I can't believe no one else is able to see. I wish I could make my sister see what I do, but," he takes a breath and feels Manjoume's hands quivering in his palms. "Never forget that I see it."

Manjoume's eyes are wide and shining. Fubuki's stomach twists into a knot.

"Ah!" He leaps to his feet, arms spread wide. "Is that the first light of morning I can see? I'd better be off, before I'm caught sneaking back in!"

And then he's gone, hair whipping around him in the night breeze.

In Manjoume's palms sits a slightly crushed flower ring.

https://archiveofourown.org/users/ragnafinity

Make your own acrostic!

An acrostic poem is one where the first letter of each line spells something out. It can be used as inspiration, to enhance a theme, or to hide a message.

Let's make one about Jun|Chazz and Fubuki|Atticus, using the name of this zine as the seed!

M_____
_____
_____

E_____
_____
_____

M_____
_____
_____

O_____
_____
_____

I_____
_____
_____

R_____
_____
_____

There's an example on the next page.

If you enjoy this form, why not play with it a little more – make the last letter of each line also spell something new; or down the middle; or make your words into a shape...

You are welcome to add your work to the zine collection at: https://archiveofourown.org/collections/Memoir

Undercurrents

- poem by harinezumiko

Master, he likes to call me

Eyes soft and warm

Manjoume-kun, I answer

Ocean waves swell

In words we veil our feelings

Reply, my heart.

https://archiveofourown.org/users/harinezumiko/pseuds/ArmedDragonLv69

oh worm

- art by viovayo

https://viovayo.tumblr.com/

Would you still love me if I was a worm?
!!

Drabble time!

If you haven't come across the word before, a "drabble" is a challenge to make a complete piece of fiction that is exactly 100 words long. It's not just "any short fic" – the precise word count is the challenge. Drabbling helps you focus on what's necessary and deliver something punchy!

_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	5
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	10
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	15
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	20
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	25
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	30
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	35
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	40
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	45
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	50
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	55
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	60
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	65
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	70
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	75
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	80
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	85
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	90
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	95
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	100

An example is overleaf. You can check out the "drabble" tag on Ao3 for more. If you get the bug, there are plenty of challenges that run through the year!

Do add your work to the zine collection at:
https://archiveofourown.org/collections/Memoir

Love Letter

- fic by harinezumiko

Fubuki was used to accepting chocolates - and declining love confessions - on Valentine's day. This envelope, however, held a Duel Monsters card, and an unsigned note: "Remember this?"

Even if Manjoume's economical handwriting hadn't been easily recognisable, there were few who would send Love Letter like that.

Fubuki sucked idly at his pen lid. Manjoume might be oblivious to Fubuki's feelings. The timing could be coincidental. There were no other cards enclosed to reply in kind. But Fubuki was not about to let the opportunity pass.

Fubuki smiled. There was a month until White Day, and time to plan his turn.

https://archiveofourown.org/users/harinezumiko/

The most practical solution

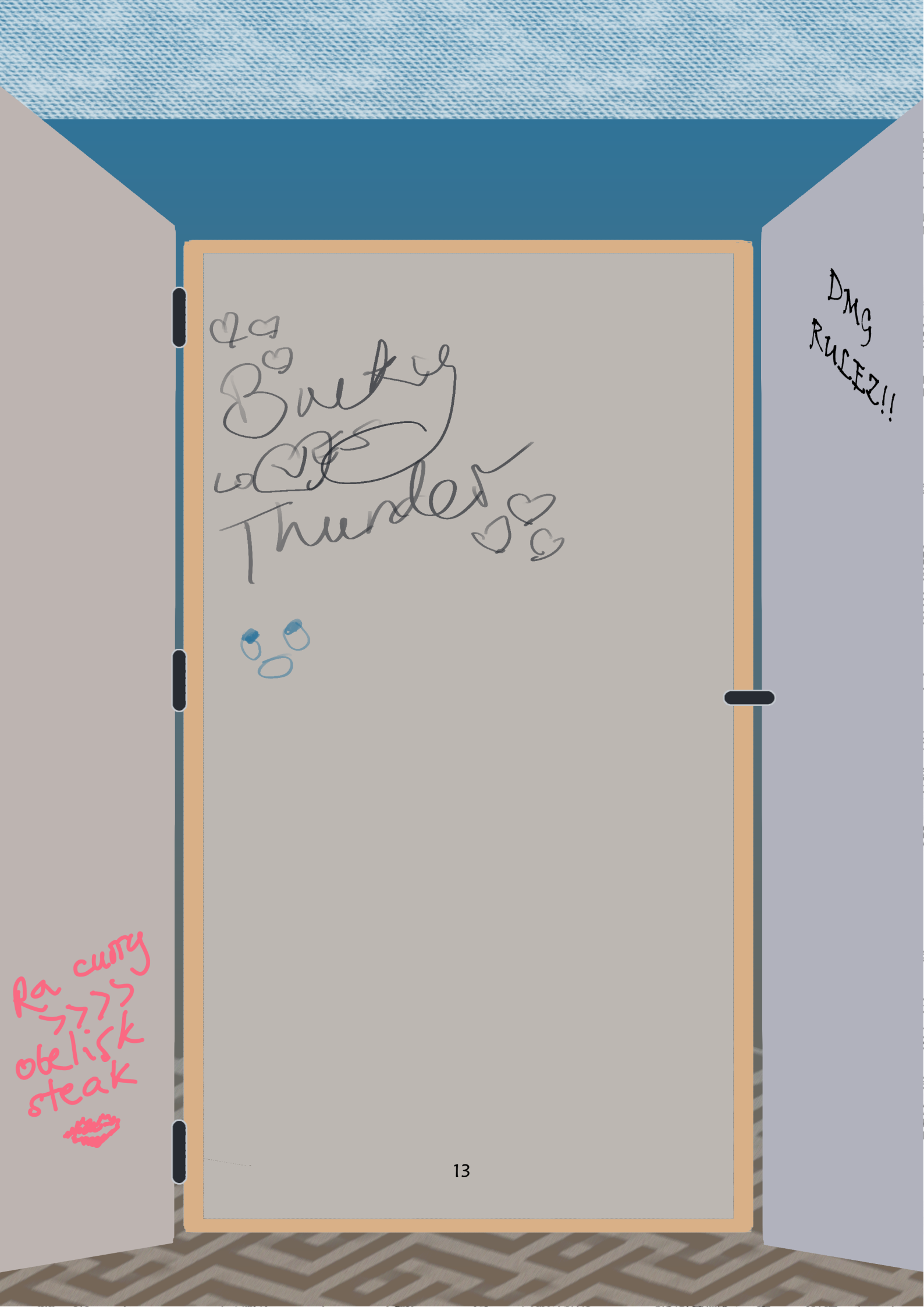
- art by harinezumiko

https://sixweekoldhedgehog.tumblr.com/

Doodle time!

Oh no! It seems someone has been doodling in the Academia's bathrooms...

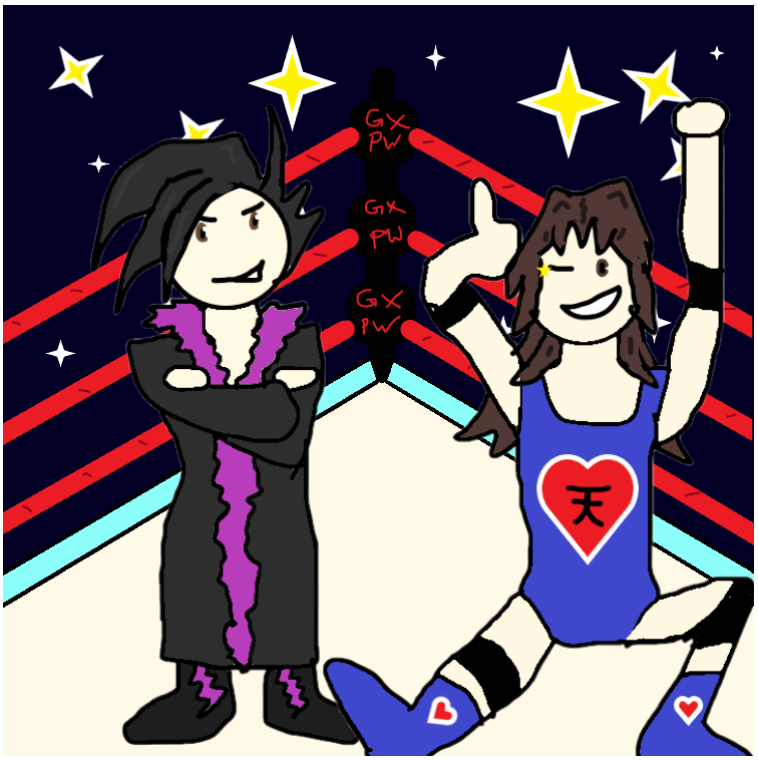
...why don't you add some graffiti of your own?


Bulky
Thunder
DMG
RULEZ!!
Ra curry
>>>>
obelisk
steak

Behold

- art by RustedWireWitch

“Behold. Stormshipping has hit GXPW. Get ready, all you lonely girls. And leave those umbrellas at home.”



https://rustedwirewitch.tumblr.com/

Caption this!

Zine collection open at:

https://archiveofourown.org/collections/Memoir

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